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trary, she herself negotiated her own affairs and prospered. In private life, her conduct, though tinged with eccentricity, did not lie open to any grave charge, and her benevolence and warmth of heart were great. She was a fond daughter, a kind sister, and a faithful wife. As an actress, she must have claimed attention from her loveliness and correct conception of her author's meaning; but the slowness and monotony of her delivery destroyed her hopes of gaining popular applause. As a dramatist, she is distinguished for a certain ingenuity and vivacity of dialogue; her wit however is infrequent, and the intrigues of her comedies often present the unnatural combinations of farce. Her plays, with few exceptions, still retain the stage. Her talents as a novelist were by no means inferior; and had she devoted her whole attention to this department of literature, she would undoubtedly have produced works of lasting celebrity.

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ART. VII.—*Miss Leslie's Pencil Sketches.*

*Pencil Sketches, or Outlines of Character and Manners.*

By MISS LESLIE. Philadelphia. 1833.

THIS work is a collection of tales, some of which had appeared before in other forms, and been received by the public with decided and, we think, well-merited approbation. The new ones are not inferior in value to the others. They are all written in a correct, easy and spirited style, and exhibit a very keen and nice observation of the various scenes of domestic life, with a happy talent for working up the results in a narrative form. The fable is in all cases simple, and with perhaps one exception not deficient in probability. The characters, though at times overcharged, are in the main correctly drawn. The conversations, which they hold with each other, are conducted with point and propriety. In this particular, Miss Leslie approaches more nearly to the models furnished by the great masters in the art of novel-writing, than any of her American predecessors. Occasional descriptions of local scenery are introduced with effect. Mrs. Washington Potts is perhaps the best, as it is the longest and most elaborate, of the tales, though Frank Finlay is in

some respects the most agreeable. Uncle Philip and the Escorted Lady are also particularly good. In the latter, we would venture to suggest the omission of the part, which touches on the supposed errors in doctrine and discipline of some of our religious sects. This is too grave a matter to be treated in connexion with the 'airy nothings,' that form the staple of the book. We would also recommend the omission of the poems at the end of the volume. They are the only things in it, that have no pretension whatever to the character of poetry.

If there be any exception to be taken to the work before us, it lies rather against the choice of the subjects than the mode of treating them. Miss Leslie has generally taken sarcastic views of persons and things, and made us acquainted with individuals whom we never wish to hear or think of again. The ambitious pretensions of the apes of fashion,—the folly of those who are imposed upon by vulgar elegance, wherever it is sufficiently assuming,—the results of schools, where the ruffle of education is supplied to those who want the linen,—the respect paid to foreigners, in the fond persuasion that those who are coarse abroad may possibly be genteel at home,—all these things are good subjects for occasional ridicule, provided the satirist does not seem to take them to heart. If he show that these things give him uneasiness, he impairs his own power, or rather shows that he is not a cool and impartial observer. We honor the person who steps gaily on in the journey of life, regardless of that universal inheritance,—the pinching shoe. Instead of stopping by the way-side to raise his molehills of inconvenience into mountains of sorrow, he gives every thing its right value and importance. This good nature implies good sense ; it is one of the most powerful charms in the writings of Scott, and is felt by thousands who never ask themselves the reason of this perpetual delight. We would not say that all writers are wanting in good sense, who prefer contemplating and representing the dark side ; but it is evident that they cannot cast this shadow, without standing in their own light. They might see in common conversation, that if satire please for a time, the hearers are not quite satisfied with themselves for having listened to it ; not that their conscience upbraids them as seriously as perhaps it might ; but because there is a feeling, that the malice which they indulge in sport will follow them in retribution.

The habit of looking upon the bright side is not, however, by any means universal among those who labor in the regions of imagination : poets, that is, persons of creative fancy, are notoriously gloomy in their views, and we have found other authors disposed to take unpleasant views even of the friendly touches of criticism, which are meant rather to cheer than to break the head. The imagination is an active and somewhat gossiping power ; whenever it engages in the search for evils, it is sure to find enough and to spare ; though it is hardly necessary to create : it can employ that transforming alchymy, by which it changes good into evil or evil into good. Nature has made every man his own painter ; and every one represents to himself in his own way the scenes about him ; but so different is the aspect in which the same scene will appear to two different minds,—all brightness to one and all cloud to the other,—that the only thing, which can be determined by the representation of either, is the state of his own heart.

To some it may seem of very little consequence, whether their views of men and things are bright and cheering, or not ; but so far from concerning their own comfort merely, it has a great effect on their moral and intellectual character, and therefore is a matter which popular writers are bound to regard, for others' sake as well as their own. There was a time, in the last century, when certain lovers of paradox maintained the superiority of the savage to the civilized state ; and instead of being laughed at for their absurdity, and advised to try the sweets of that condition before they recommended it to others, actually succeeded in convincing many, against the evidence of their senses, of the truth of this fantastic whim, which they had themselves adopted simply by accident, and afterwards persisted in from pride. There were persons even in our community, who learned from them to rail against man's effeminate inventions, and who even gave them up ; in which self-denial, they went considerably farther than their masters. All this was done by exaggerating the evils incident to social life, and by showing nothing but its evils :—and it was no wonder, if fraud and falsehood, treachery, death, without a single blessing set over against them, should cover the world with gloom. Men, however, such is their originality in discovering evils where they exist, and creating them where they do not, hardly need the aid of eloquent pens in this enterprise. We are

constantly meeting with those who, by fixing their eyes on some one dark point in the prospect, have lost all perception of its general brightness. Let a man be unpleasantly struck with the evil-speaking, lying, and slandering, which, considering the nature of man, must be found somewhere, and found of course in social life, if found at all ; let him forget the happiness and improvement which result from the communion of mind with mind and of heart with heart, and he may easily persuade himself, that it is better to flee into the wilderness, and may even die in this conviction, more especially if he never bring it to the trial. Let any one consider the inconveniences of liberal hospitality, and he may easily convince himself, that the hope of entertaining angels occasionally is more than outweighed by the certainty of receiving way-farers of an opposite description. Let any one think upon the waywardness of children ; let his ears tingle with their cries, of every key, from the sullen whimper to the desperate roar, and he may soon destroy all the beautiful associations connected with the morning of our days. He may thus, if he will, cast an eclipsing shadow over every part of human life ; and yet will gain nothing but misery for his pains, together with the secret consciousness of deserving it. Whoever undertakes, then, to give sketches of life, whether panoramas or single scenes, must be careful to set these things in their true light, and to allow to each its just proportion, so that the whole impression conveyed by his writings shall be decidedly in favor of benevolence and all that tends to inspire it ; and he must take equally resolute care not to leave an impression, that may encourage those lighter degrees of misanthropy, which destroy all social feeling, and break up the confidence which ought to exist between man and man.

The habit of looking upon the dark side is a misfortune to any one, because all his sagacity serves only to destroy his own pleasure. If it is 'folly to be wise' on this subject, it is still greater folly to try to make others wise, for no one will feel the least gratitude for being enlightened ; men will feel toward the author, like the Hindoo toward the philosopher who showed him, with his microscope, that he was perpetually violating his Pythagorean principles with respect to animal life ; and a writer, whether his writings are addressed to truth or taste, can gain no permanent favor with any readers by the most searching or amusing dissections. For if truth be his professed object, he will be met by a conviction which nature suggests and

religion confirms, that he who judges mankind most charitably is most likely to be correct in his conclusions. Certain it is, that those who have known men most familiarly have felt best disposed towards them, while the hermit is a misanthrope by profession. When Howard began his investigations, which so many were interested to resist, he was warned that he would meet with violent and desperate opposition : he thought otherwise, and has left on record the fact, that he never received a word of insult from prisoners nor from those who kept them. In later days, tender and delicate women have ventured among the most abandoned of the human race, against the earnest remonstrances of those who had been familiar with the abodes of sin ; but they knew better ; they knew that the ice of the heart could be melted by kindness, even if it had been frozen for years ; these, it is true, are strong cases, but they show a truth which holds good though all its gradations. When a writer gives kind representations and inspires kind feelings, we give him the credit of an accurate observer ; it proves to us, that he has no disease in his own heart to interfere with his right discernment, or prevent the indulgence of his better feelings ; we believe in his right to be a philosophical historian of the universal human heart.

Such writers as depend on popular taste for success, are still more interested to know and regard this law. They are interested to place before their readers scenes, which can be recalled to mind with satisfaction. Satire and satirical views of human character and life are not of this description ; however well executed, they have at best but a suspicious attraction, and nothing can renew it when it is once passed away. We can hardly remember any work of the kind which retains a permanent value. Swift's *Gulliver* is read as a tale, but no one ever thinks of its sarcastic meaning ; and those parts in which the satire is most obvious, are almost forgotten. When we speak of works which give a gloomy view of life, we do not include such works as *Rasselas*, which represent this world as intentionally darkened, in order to set the hopes of Christianity in a brighter light. Mistaken as the theory is, the work is written with thoughtful and benevolent feeling ; but we wonder that Johnson did not remember how equally things are balanced in the order of Providence, and what power is given to every one to make the happiness he does not find. There is no asperity in his views of human nature. He elsewhere declares, that in

his long acquaintance with men, he had been surprised to find them so ready to take advantage of him, and at the same time so ready to do him favors,—surprised probably to find, that so kind an interest in others could exist together with such devotion to themselves.

Whoever will consider the points on which satire generally turns, will find that it is provoked by follies rather than vices,—by trifles which interfere with our convenience and wound our vanity, not by serious crimes. So, when the satirist cannonades some small transgression, and pursues the vain pretension with a thirsty vengeance, we no more sympathize in his indignation, than in the wrath of those who grow profane as they listen to the moschetto's vesper hymn. When the British traveller leaves at home a starving peasantry, a desperate aristocracy, and a people, which, after grinding blinded in the mill for ages, are now searching out the pillars on which the house depends, and because, perchance, while travelling in this country, he finds no wash-stand in some country tavern, can see no charm in untaxed comforts, and prosperity universally spread, we marvel at him for considering, as Burke says, 'the brier before his nose greater than the oak a hundred yards off;'—for allowing the accidental inconvenience, however provoking, to make him insensible to all that is worthy of admiration; and the traveller in life, who undertakes to describe the scenes through which he passes and the persons whom he encounters, if he represents all as dull, tasteless and unprofitable, seems to us to make an inaccurate estimate,—to magnify small evils, till they hide substantial blessings.

Miss Mitford's 'Sketches of her Village' furnish a good example of the cheerful spirit we have been describing; they are all bright with that sunshine of the breast, which shines not only within, but all around, and lights up every object on which the eye may chance to fall. This spirit is worth more than fortunes to its possessor; and if he be an author, like Miss Mitford, he gains the benefit of it, not only in personal enjoyment, but in the truth and reality which it gives to his descriptions; he gains too a friend in every reader, who is ready to forgive his faults, and to stand up for his reputation as jealously as for his own. We wish we could say as much of our country-woman; but while her spirit is good, she does not seem to have cultivated the habit of taking cheering views, either of human or material nature; the result is, that there are very few of all the

persons to whom she has introduced us, who leave any but disagreeable recollections : not because they are not drawn with ability, but because, so far as respects their follies, their portraits are too severely true. And in her views of nature, she shows us the fields drowned with rains or panting with heat,—the air sultry and singing with insects,—the sun shorn of his beams with misty exhalations, or going down in the west like a red hot ball. With such images as these, she describes the same world in which Miss Mitford lives. And how is it, that what is the Dismal Swamp to one, is the garden of Eden to the other ? The reason is, that one chooses to look upon all that is bright and inspiring ; and, with this disposition, always sees a smile upon the face of nature,—a beautiful expression, even where beauty itself is wanting : the other has chosen to take the satirical view, and in that way has sacrificed the best of all attractions. We wish to be understood as censuring only the judgment of the writer ; she has so much talent to interest the reader, that we profess ourselves her friends, and therefore wish her to choose a fairer field, and to leave caricature to meaner hands : she will find, that to feel and paint the beautiful, both in nature and in human life, besides being better suited to the graceful and delicate female hand, is the only way to secure that familiar and affectionate interest, which it is the highest glory of a successful author to inspire.

But while we recommend to Miss Leslie to choose different scenes and subjects, or at least to see them in a different light, which we apprehend is, like a painter's, a matter very much under the artist's control, we are fully aware of the truth and humor of her descriptions. The characters are at times overdrawn, as is always the case in satire, but the satire, if not sufficiently playful, is agreeable and amusing. The 'Escorted Lady' gives us the experiences of a young man, who was desired by a stranger to take a lady under his protection, in travelling from Boston to Philadelphia. The objection, which ought to be made to this story, is that which was once made to Beresford's *Miseries of Human Life*, that they were actual miseries, and of course no subjects of mirth ; and we hardly know what moral should be drawn from it ; the young man could not well decline paying the desired attention, nor could he possibly have anticipated, that a young lady would turn out to be a cross-grained fool. Once fairly embarked in the steamboat, even though it were 'rigged with curses dark,'



the passengers must keep out; and, though an opportunity for escape was offered in New York, the scrupulous good nature of the young man, who had not sufficient decision to leave his charge in the street, ought hardly in poetical justice to have been visited with so severe a retribution. Nor can we say that we are satisfied with the general maxim, which is offered as a reason for his persevering civility;—‘It is much the fashion among gentlemen to persuade themselves that all silly young girls must be amiable, provided they have pretty faces and white necks.’ Though we are long passed the age at which we might have felt interested in this sweeping condemnation, we must bear witness against it, as too severe upon a large and respectable portion of the human race.

The ‘Pic-nic at the Sea-shore’ has an air of horrible reality about it. Few persons have been so fortunate, as to escape such pages in the history of their lives. We imagine, however, that the attractions of watering-places have but little to do with the comfort or health, which the visitors expect to gain. The variety of persons, with the agreeable or unpleasant qualities which they carry with them, constitute the whole charm of such places, and, without the living letter, they would be dull and spiritless, even had they those comforts in which they are sadly wanting. Miss Leslie says, ‘the salt marsh was unanimously declared not to be pleasant. It was, however, some relief to look at the seeming anomalies that were scattered over it, in the form of tall pink flowers of exceeding beauty, and such as I had never seen before.’ One good way of enjoying such places is to forget the salt-marsh and to preserve the flowers.

‘The Miss Vanlears’ is a very good description of two vulgar animals, who are encountered in the North river steamboat by Miss Copeland, a young lady travelling in company with Mr. and Mrs. Wilmore. ‘The bridegroom and bride, Mr. and Mrs. Wilmore, were in no respect different from other brides and grooms. Therefore Caroline soon discovered, that she was to expect from them only such civilities and attentions as were indispensable. It was in vain to suppose that they could descend from their present state of silent beatitude, to talk or act like people of this world.’ If folly and affectation are the rule, it is in vain for the satirist to strive against them: but if they are only the exception, something might possibly be done. Mrs. Wilmore is certainly made to speak, on one occasion, like

people of this world. Her companion, Miss Copeland, having heard much of the fashionable Miss Vanlears, is overjoyed at meeting these ladies of the same name, but of very opposite pretensions. When she discovers her mistake, she is quite unhappy : ' I wish I had never seen them : I wonder I could be so deceived : what must people think, on seeing me so sociable with them ? ' ' People, I dare say, think nothing about it,' answered Mrs. Wilmore.

The description of the Miss Vanlears of the steamboat is painfully and ridiculously true, as well as the perplexity of Caroline Copeland, who was very much in the predicament of the Vicar of Wakefield, when he was unpleasantly struck by hearing one of the fashionable ladies confirm her asseveration ' by the living jingo.' She was perplexed to decide, whether the living jingo which covered the Miss Vanlears like a garment, was real vulgarity, or that which occasionally resembles it,—some late refinement of fashion. They, it seems, had escaped together with their deaf old mother during the absence of their father in Boston, and were in the act of taking an excursion to the Catskill mountains. Not dreaming of any mischance, the consternation of the damsels was great, when at the extreme part of the dinner table they discovered the spectacle of their father. ' When they had taken their seats at the dinner table, they happened to look toward the lower end, and Caroline was surprised to find, that both the Miss Vanlears turned pale, and exchanged alarmed and significant glances. They then commenced a sort of half whispering talk across her, and she distinguished the words, " how unlucky ! let's take no notice, perhaps he wont see us till after dinner, among all this crowd. Who'd have thought of finding him here ? What could have put it into his head to come round this way ? But don't tell Ma ! " Caroline looked toward that end of the table to which their uneasy glances were directed, and she saw a fat vulgar looking man, very vulgarly dressed, who was engaged in a loud talk on politics with those about him. " Let's keep quiet till after dinner," said Eliza Margaretta, " and as we are going to the waterfall, may be, we can slip off without his seeing us ; perhaps as he don't know we're here, it's his plan to go to the landing in the afternoon stage, and take the boat for the city." " Oh no ! " replied Miss Anna, " we shall never be able to keep him from catching us ; there's no such thing as cutting one's Pa ! " The old gentleman appears worthy to

be the father of such dutiful and affectionate children. The scene of their meeting at the fall is touching and well described ; when they returned to the hotel, they endeavored to get as far as possible from him at the tea-table, but he called to them, ' Here, girls, come over here, and sit by your mother and me. I am not going to lose sight of you again till I have you safe at home. I'm as tired and hungry as if I had been at work all day in the soapery.'

Frank Finlay is a very well-told story, and Frank, the hero, is an exception to the general rule of character in this book. His inattention to the outward man,—his unconscious indifference to the airs of some of his associates,—the careless good-nature with which he aids those who had neglected him, and the ready skill with which he adapts himself to the exigency, are very characteristic of a tall youth in one of the border towns. We extract this tale entire as the most pleasing, and at the same time the shortest of the collection.

" " Aura ! dear Aura ! " exclaimed Lewis Marshall, " turn round a moment from the looking-glass, and hear the good news I have brought you. We are to have a glorious sleighing-party next Wednesday, and a dance at the new house, to do honor to your fifteenth birth-day. My mother has just told me, and without waiting for particulars, I ran away immediately to let you know."

" " I am much obliged to you," replied Aura, " but, of course, I knew it before you did. The Miss Dawsons first proposed it. Poor girls ! they are completely out of their element in this dull country place, and are glad to start any thing by way of variety. My mother wished us to have the party here at home, and it was only this morning that she consented to its taking place at the new house ; which is certainly a preferable arrangement, as we can then have the pleasure of sleighing as well as dancing."

*Lewis.* To be sure ; and the sleighing is the best part of the pleasure. The snow is in fine order, and we shall go like streaks of lightning.—Well, the first thing to be done is to invite all the neighbors.

*Aura.* All !

*Lewis.* I mean all the boys and girls. I may as well start at once, and go round in the sleigh with the invitations. I like to see the happy faces on such occasions.

*Aura.* Stay, Lewis, and listen to me. This is *my* birth-day party, and I am determined it shall be select.

*Lewis.* That is one of the words you have learned at the board-

ing-school. I am tired of it already. We never were select before, and why should we be so now? Come, let us, however, make a beginning with the invitations. Where shall I go first? To Big 'Possum or to Hominy Town?

*Aura.* As to Big 'Possum, I intend, for the rest of my life, to cut every man, woman, and child, in that whole settlement. And as to the place you call Hominy Town, I won't answer, till you give it its new name of Scienceville. Are there not two Lyceums located there?

*Lewis.* Lyceums! Fiddlesticks! Two log school-houses, where Increase Frost of Vermont sets up in opposition to Main-tain Bones of Connecticut!

*Aura.* Well, I must own that, after all, the preceptors are nothing more than mere Yankee school-masters. But there is Monsieur Nasillard's French study.

*Lewis.* Yes, the back room of his wife's barber-shop.

*Aura.* You need not trouble yourself about the invitations. I shall write notes, and send them by Pompey. The Miss Dawsons would be horrified to receive theirs in any other way, and so would their brother, Mr. Richard Dawson, who reads law.

*Lewis.* He might as well read Tom Thumb, for all the good his law-books will ever do him. The lawyers that get forward on this side of the Alleghany are made of different stuff from Dick Dawson. Nothing could have started him west, but the prospect of no business in Philadelphia. That's also Frank Finlay's opinion. Now I talk of Frank Finlay, I can certainly go over and give *him* his invitation, without the ceremony of a note.

*Aura.* Now you talk of Frank Finlay, he shall have no invitation at all.

*Lewis.* No invitation at all! *Aura*, you are not in earnest?

*Aura.* Yes, I am. Frank Finlay *shall not* be of the sleighing-party. Do you think I could live and see him there before the Miss Dawsons, in that vile purple and yellow waistcoat, that he always wears on great occasions?

*Lewis.* I never knew a girl go so much by waistcoats. A fellow is in or out of favor with you, just according to his waistcoat.

*Aura.* As to Frank Finlay, his waistcoat is not the worst of him neither. Think of his head!

*Lewis.* Inside or out?

*Aura.* I mean the way in which his hair is cut.

*Lewis.* Why, his hair is well enough. I can prove that it was not done by a pumpkin-shell, as I cut it for him myself the last time it wanted trimming

*Aura.* Oh! then, no wonder it is all in scollops!

*Lewis.* Well, as Frank is a good-natured fellow, I can easily prevail on him to get over his scruples about having his hair cut by a woman, and I'll go with him to Madame Nasillard, and she shall give him a touch of her trade.

*Aura.* Then, his pantaloons are always too short.

*Lewis.* That is because he grows so fast. But he got a new pair the other day, with two tucks in them, and if he should grow considerably between this and Wednesday, it is very easy to let out a tuck.

*Aura.* Altogether his costume is intolerable, and he shall not come to the party. Ungentility makes me nervous, particularly in presence of the Miss Dawsons. Suppose, now, that Frank was to ask one of the Miss Dawsons to dance?

*Lewis.* No fear of that, as long as they can get other partners, for I can assure you he likes the Dawsons quite as little as I do. —A set of insolent, affected, pretending flirts, whose father, being unable to support their folly and extravagance in Philadelphia, has come to this side of the mountain, in hopes of bettering his fortune, and living cheap. You were just beginning to get a little over the boarding-school, when these Dawsons came into the neighborhood; and, finding our house a convenient visiting-place, they were glad enough to establish an intimacy with you, and they have turned your head all over again.

*Aura.* Lewis, you may say what you please, but even in a republican country, there are certainly distinctions in society, and it is the duty of genteel people to keep them up.

*Lewis.* I heard Dick Dawson say those very words last Friday.

*Aura.* You cannot deny, that the Dawson family and ours are the head of society in the neighborhood of Scienceville.

*Lewis.* I shall still call it Hominy Town.

*Aura.* Nonsense!—And is there an estate in the whole country, that can vie with my father's plantation?

*Lewis.* Farm, farm!

*Aura.* No such thing! Nobody shall call me a farmer's daughter. Is not my father in the Assembly, in the State Legislature?

*Lewis.* Well, and so might Frank Finlay's father have been, only he would not run for candidate when they asked him, as he knew himself to be not clever at making speeches, (as *my* father is,) and he did not wish to be out-talked by the lawyer-members, whenever he felt himself to be in the right. And as to the value of the Finlay farm and ours, there is not the toss of a copper between them. You'll see what Frank will make of that tract of hickory, when he gets it into his own hands, and also the dog-wood bottom.

*Aura.* As to that, he will be more likely to go farther west than to stay on his father's land.

*Lewis.* And, though Frank has not had a city education, there is not a smarter fellow to be found on this side of the Alleghany, or any that is more acute at reading, writing, and cyphering.

*Aura.* That is all he can boast of.

*Lewis.* No, it is not all. He reads five or six newspapers every day, besides other things. He can also tell you as much about the revolutionary war, as if he had fought in it.

*Aura.* Ah! he got all that information from his two grandfathers and his five old uncles, who *did* fight in it.

*Lewis.* Well, and their having done so proves that he is come of good stock. And he has at his finger-ends the life of Dr. Franklin, after whom he was called.

*Aura.* That's nothing. Almost every child in America has read the life of Dr. Franklin.

*Lewis.* As to the Constitution of the United States, I believe he knows it by heart. And then, when there are none present but boys, you would be amazed to hear how he can talk about rail-roads and canals, and steamboats, and manufactures, and coal, and other things of the highest importance to the nation. But above all, he knows the whole history of Buonaparte.

*Aura.* Still he does not make such a figure as Richard Dawson.

*Lewis.* So much the better.

*Aura.* There is no elegance whatever about Frank Finlay.

*Lewis.* Nonsense! Now I insist on it that Frank is a fine-looking fellow, besides being one of the best shots in the country. Is he not as straight as an Indian, and has he not red cheeks, and white teeth, and bright black eyes?

*Aura.* But still, as the Miss Dawsons say, he wants *manner*. Think, how they must be struck with the difference between Frank Finlay and their brother!

*Lewis.* Yes. There is indeed a difference. Do you remember the story of the backwoods-man that went to a gunsmith to buy a new rifle, and the gunsmith asked him if he would have a gun that, when discharged, made a spitter-spitter-spattering, or one that went je-bunk? Do you see the moral? Frank Finlay always goes je-bunk, and is of course far preferable to Dick Dawson, with his spitter-spitter-spattering.

*Aura.* I suppose you mean that he has the most energy.

*Lewis.* Come now, Aura, do be good! Away with all this folly, and let poor Frank join the party.

*Aura.* Upon farther consideration,—

*Lewis.* (Patting her shoulder)—Ah! that's right! I knew you would at last listen to reason.

*Aura.* On farther consideration, his dancing is sufficient to exclude him from society. I cannot tolerate his jumps and shuffles.

*Lewis.* I acknowledge the jumps, but I deny the shuffles. Why, you could not say worse of him if he danced like a Kentucky boatman, with his hat on his head, and a segar in his mouth.

*Aura.* Say no more about him. On account of the Miss Dawsons, and their brother, who is reading law,—

*Lewis.* The puppy!

*Aura.* My party *must* be select.

*Lewis.* Don't say that again.

*Aura.* I will tell you whom I intend to invite,—

*Lewis.* I'll not hear,—I'll not listen,—I'm angry, and sorry, and affronted at you.

*Aura.* Now, Lewis, be pacified.

*Lewis.* I will not.

*Aura.* Do, now! And consider that it is *my* birth-day party. Surely every one ought to be happy on their own birth-day, and I shall not be happy if Frank Finlay is before my eyes all the time. If *he* is present, my pleasure will be entirely destroyed, and I am sure my brother Lewis would be sorry if that were the case (*taking his hand*).

*Lewis.* Well, as it is your own party, I suppose you must have your own way. But you had better not inform my mother, that Frank Finlay is to be left out. You know, when my father first came to this settlement, (long before you and I were born) he had some difficulty about paying Government for the land (for it was bought from the United States;) but Mr. Finlay lent him money, and helped him out, and made all easy. Though my father is now a rich man, and needs no assistance from any one, still his gratitude and friendship for the Finlay family are as warm as ever.

*Aura.* My mother need not know whether or not Frank is invited,—unless *you* tell her.

*Lewis.* I have too much honor in me to tell tales of a girl, however bad she may be. *Aura*, sister *Aura*, I wish I could see you once more the innocent, good-humored, pleasant little thing, that gladdened all our hearts, before you went to the boarding-school, and before you knew the Dawsons; when you loved every body and every one loved you; when you were happy to mix with the other farmers' children, and to do as they did; when you had no accomplishments, and no airs, and when you

delighted in reading the Arabian Nights. Do not you think you were much happier in those days? I too had a year's schooling in Philadelphia, but it did not make a fool of me. Boys are certainly much more sensible than girls.

*Aura.* Well, comfort yourself with that, and leave me to write my notes in peace.

*Lewis.* I shall be sixteen next June, and when *my* birth-day comes, what a barbacue I'll have! Frank Finlay shall be president of the feast, and not any of the name of Dawson shall show their faces at it.

'Mr. Marshall, the father of Lewis and Aura, was now at the seat of the State Government, attending to his duty in the Legislature. He had built a large house on some land that he had recently purchased and improved, about seven miles from his present residence. To this place he proposed removing with his family in the spring, and here the birth-day party, now in agitation, was to be celebrated, as the new house afforded the accommodation of a very large room for dancing, and another for eating; and in going thither and returning, they could have the enjoyment of a sleigh-ride.

'Being vexed and mortified at the exclusion of his friend Frank, and therefore unwilling to see him, Lewis volunteered to go to the new house three days before the party, and make it ready for the reception of the company, while Aura remained at home and assisted in preparing the feast. Lewis took with him their servant-man Pompey, and his wife Violet, two old but faithful and active negroes.

'Frank was much hurt at receiving no invitation, and of course paid no visit to the Marshall family in the interval, though, in general, he and Lewis were together some part of every day; their fathers' farms being contiguous to each other.

'At length the day of the party arrived. The company, having breakfasted early at their own homes, set out in their sleighs for Mr. Marshall's new house. Those that came from the immediate neighborhood of Scienceville (amongst whom were the Dawsons) had to pass the present dwelling of the Marshall family, and consequently all stopped there for a short time, and took what they called a fresh start. Lewis (who had returned from the new house the night before) drove a sleigh in which were half a dozen fine little girls, and was preceded by the one that contained the Miss Dawsons, Mrs. Marshall, and Aura, and which was driven by Dick. Many articles for the feast had been sent to the new house the day before, and others were put into the sleigh occupied (besides the driver) by two servant-women and the two musicians,—a black man who played on the violin, and a mulatto boy with a tambourine.



‘It was one of those clear, unclouded, brilliant mornings, so characteristic of an American winter. Never was the atmosphere more pure, the sky more blue, or the sun more resplendent. The snow sparkled and crackled under the feet of the horses, while they seemed almost to fly over its surface of dazzling whiteness. The bells rang merrily round the necks of the exhilarated animals as they bounded along, and the well-stowed sleighs looked gay and comfortable, with the coverlets of various colors that floated over their backs, and the bear-skin and buffalo-ropes that gave warmth to their interior.

‘As soon as the cavalcade had started, the musicians struck up the popular Virginia reel of “Fire on the mountains, run, boys, run!” at which Dick Dawson dropped the reins to stop his ears, his sisters uttered something between a scream and a laugh, and Aura recollected with shame that it was not genteel to play along the road. As soon as Dick recovered, he called to the musicians to cease, much to the vexation of the unfashionable portion of the party, and greatly to the discomfiture of the sable minstrel and his assistant, neither of whom, however, could refrain, as the sleigh wafted them along, from giving an occasional scrape on the fiddle, or a thump on the tambourine.

‘As they passed the residence of the Finlays, they found all the family at the windows, and Lewis turned away his head that he might not meet the eyes of his slighted friend, who, however, did not happen to be there.

‘About two miles further on, as they proceeded through the woods, they had a glimpse of Frank Finlay among the trees, with his dog and gun, and a pair of pheasants in his hand. The dog came bounding towards the sleigh that Lewis was driving, but Frank called him off and retreated farther into the woods.

‘The first impulse of Lewis, on seeing his friend, was to jump out of the sleigh, run after Frank, and insist on his joining the party. But a moment’s reflection convinced him that such a proceeding would displease Aura and shock her new friends, as Frank was in his shooting dress,—a blanket coat trimmed with squirrel fur, a cap of grey fox-skin, and a pair of Indian moccasins. A boy, who drove the next sleigh, called out to Lewis to proceed, and he gave the horses a touch, saying to himself with a sigh, “never mind the barbacue, next June shall make amends for all.”

‘Just as they came in sight of the new house, Dick Dawson bestowed such a cut on his horses that, springing suddenly to one side, they overset the sleigh, and it was broken to pieces. Luckily all its occupants fell into a bank of soft snow, and none were hurt; but the dresses of the Miss Dawsons (which were

quite too fine and flimsy for the occasion) were much deranged and injured, and Dick's shirt-collar suffered extremely. Fortunately it is unfashionable to lament over disasters that happen to dresses, and therefore the Dawsons bore the accident with great apparent composure, and walked to the house, which was within a quarter of a mile; and they were met in the porch by some of the party, who, coming from a shorter distance, had arrived before them.

'On getting out of the sleigh that brought up the rear, one of the black women advanced to Mrs. Marshall, and displayed to her a pair of fine pheasants.

"Where did you get these?" inquired Mrs. Marshall.

"Master Frank Finlay gave them to me," answered the girl. "He proceeded from the woods with his dog and gun, and chucked these two dead pheasants into my lap, and said, 'There, Miss Phillis, ax Aura if she'll 'cept these here unworthy birds, and have them cooked, and eat them herself at dinner from me.' Them's the very words he spoke, an't they Sylvia?"

"Something in that way," replied Sylvia; "but (lowering her voice) I'll be qualified he put *Miss* before Aura, and not before Phillis; and he said nothing in 'sparagement of his pheasants neither."

"And how does it happen," asked Mrs. Marshall, looking at her daughter, "that Frank Finlay is not one of the party? I expected of course to see him amongst us." Aura held down her head, and tied and untied the strings of her cloak; and Lewis looked unutterable things. "I will inquire into this hereafter," added Mrs. Marshall.

'They were met at the door by Pompey and Violet, (both grinning ell-wide with delight, as country negroes generally do at the sight of company,) and ushered into the large front parlor, where an immense fire of hickory logs was blazing in the chimney.

'During the three days he had spent at the new house, Lewis was chiefly employed in making substitutes for furniture. In this undertaking he would have been very glad to have availed himself of the assistance of Frank Finlay, whose ingenuity in every thing relating to the mechanic arts was far superior to his own. With the spare boards that had been left by the carpenters, Lewis contrived some most substantial benches (besides other things of less consequence) and also erected a very large table on something like tressels. But he took the most pride in having decorated the windows, doors, and walls of the parlors with festoons of laurel and cedar branches. The windows, particularly, made a very handsome appearance, each looking like

a green arbor, and being strikingly contrasted with the snow out of doors.

“How romantic!” said one of the Miss Dawsons.

“Picturesque, I declare!” said another.

“Quite theatrical!” said a third.

“Very fair, upon my honor,—very fair indeed!” said Dick.

After mulled wine and pound-cake had been handed round, a game of forfeits was proposed; but it was rejected with contempt by the Dawsons, who declared that all such plays were long since exploded, and that dancing was now the order of the day from six years old to sixty. The musicians, to their great joy, were put in requisition, and the dancing would have commenced with great spirit, only that the Miss Dawsons insisted on the newest cotillons, and undertook to teach them to the company. Luckily for the musicians, as these new figures were nearly all the same, they could be performed to almost any cotillon tune. Dick Dawson danced one set with Aura, during which he merely walked through the cotillon, saying that gentlemen now never attempted any thing like dancing-steps; and, when it was over, he protested that he must beg leave to decline all further exertion, as the fatigue of driving the sleigh had been really too much for him. Lewis having done his duty, and gratified his sister by taking out the three Miss Dawsons one after the other, selected for his next partner a pretty little girl as unlike them as possible, and the dancing continued till the dining hour.

The plan of the sleighing-party was to stay at the new house till evening, and then go home by moon-light. Before dinner, however, the sky had clouded, the wind had changed to the north-east, and there was every appearance of bad weather. Mrs. Marshall took her son and daughter aside, and suggested to them the expediency of all returning home immediately, in case of more snow; proposing that they should take a short repast of such things as were then ready, and depart at once, instead of waiting for dinner at two o'clock. To this prudent proposition Lewis and Aura were unwilling to consent, alleging that, after they had invited their friends, and brought them so far, it would have a most inhospitable look to take them away almost immediately, and without their dinner, and remarking that, as we have generally indications of a snow-storm a whole day before it commences, they could not believe there was any immediate danger. They begged of their mother to allow them to remain till towards evening, and not to make their friends uneasy by prognosticating bad weather.

About one o'clock it slowly began to snow; Lewis and Aura watched the clouds, imagined that they saw them breaking, and

prophesied that the snow would soon cease. The clouds, however, gradually lost their distinct forms, and were blended into one monotonous mass of dark gray, that covered the whole sky.

‘Precisely at two o’clock, old Pompey threw open the door, and with a bow, consisting of three motions, flourished his hand, scraped his foot, waved his head, and announced to the company that “he was proud to reform them as dinner waited.”’

‘The dining-room, or back parlor, was also properly ornamented with cedar and laurel, and thoroughly warmed by an enormous fire. The table-furniture had been sent the day before, and also many of the viands. The ample board was set out with turkeys, wild and tame, ducks of both descriptions, and also pigeons; hams, fowls, venison, dressed in various ways; pies, puddings, cakes, sweetmeats, &c.,—all in that lavish abundance generally found on American tables.

‘Just after the dinner had commenced, Phillis brought in the pair of pheasants, and significantly placed them before Aura, who desired her to remove them to the other end. Lewis sat there, and he mischievously sent his sister a plate with a portion of one of the birds, which Aura then determined to eat with as much indifference as she could assume. But as soon as she had tasted it, and found how nice it was, her conscience smote her for the first time; so often does it happen that our feelings are excited by trifles, when things of more consequence have failed to awaken them. Aura now thought with compunction of Frank Finlay,—of his good-nature, his spirit, and his vivacity,—and of the animation he would have infused into the party. She looked over the boys whom she had invited as considering them more elegant than Frank, and she found that, after all, they were quite as unlike Dick Dawson as he was, and looked no better in their holiday clothes than he did; that several of the waistcoats now present were uglier even than his; and most of the heads in a worse style decidedly.

‘The secret cause of Aura so pertinaciously insisting on the exclusion of Frank Finlay was, that she had frequently heard him ridiculed by Dick Dawson and his sisters; Dick having discovered that he did not stand high in Frank’s estimation. In consequence of the sneers of the Dawsons, Aura regarded Frank in a less favorable light than she had formerly done; but she was afraid to cite *them* as authority for her change of opinion, lest Lewis should take immediate vengeance on Dick.

‘By the time dinner was over, the wind blew a hurricane, and the snow had increased so rapidly that the whole atmosphere seemed to be filled with its feathery flakes. There was no possibility of encountering so violent a storm in such vehicles as

open sleighs. The only alternative was to remain all night in the new house. It was true they had no beds, but there was plenty of provisions for supper and breakfast; the inconvenience of sleeping uncomfortably would be for one night only, and they had no doubt of a fine day on the morrow.

‘Having made up their minds to this new plan, cheerfulness was restored, and after dinner, blindman’s-buff was pursued with great alacrity by all but the Dawsons, who declined participating in it as quite too boisterous, and said they preferred remaining in the back parlor, where poor Aura, though longing to join in the play, thought it incumbent on her to stay with her city friends. The young ladies talked of the various elegant sleighing-parties they had “attended” in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, and Dick leaned against the chimney-piece and fell asleep.

‘During the short afternoon, Mrs. Marshall, assisted by the servants, busied herself in preparing for the exigencies of the night. The supper consisted of the provisions that had been left at dinner, with the addition of tea and coffee, which they had brought with them for the purpose. When it was over, the company drew round the fire, and amused themselves with telling riddles and singing songs, having no desire to retire early to their sleeping-places. The stock of candles was soon exhausted, and they were obliged to content themselves with the light of the fire. Pompey, however, triumphantly brought in, on a waiter, some substitutes of his own contrivance,—saucers filled with melted fat, and having a twisted paper lighted and stuck up in the middle of each. He was arranging these uncouth lamps at regular distances on the mantel-piece, but the giggling of the Miss Dawsons, and the disguised face of Dick, induced Aura to make a sign to the poor fellow to take them away immediately.

‘At last bed-time came, weariness gradually stole over them, and the whole company “addressed themselves to sleep.” The back parlor was appropriated to the ladies, the front to the gentlemen. The cloaks, coverlets, and furs, served as bedding for the females, and the boys moved the benches near the fire and lay down on them, covered with their great-coats. All, except Dick, slept tolerably well; but he complained and murmured nearly the whole time. The girls passed an uncomfortable and restless night, as they lay spread about the floor, and were frequently startled by noises from the adjoining room, when the boys in their sleep tumbled off the benches.

‘The wind raved all night with a fury that seemed to shake even the strong stone house to its foundation, and the snow drifted against the windows of the front parlor, till it obscured even the upper panes. It did not, as usual, abate at the approach of

dawn, but, when morning came the storm increased in violence. The country all round looked like a vast white desert. The snow had been driven by the wind into enormous hills or ridges, which entirely blocked up the roads, and rendered them impassable; the fences, being buried above the top-rails, were no longer to be seen; and the only landmarks now visible were the trees, bending heavily before the blast. The cold was intense, and the gloomy aspect of the heavens was still as unpromising as it had been the preceding evening.

'When Pompey came in to set the breakfast-table, he brought with him an armful of wood to replenish the fires, and announced, with a face of dismay, that "May-be it would be the last wood the gentlemen and ladies would ever have." On being required to explain, he made many apologies for the unexpected badness of the weather, and stated that the unusual quantity that had been consumed during the last twenty-four hours had entirely exhausted the stock of fuel that had been provided for the occasion, and that there was barely enough in the kitchen to suffice for cooking the breakfast. He concluded his harangue by saying, "And so, gentlemen and ladies, my 'pinion is firm and fixed, that nothing on yearth can stop us from all freezing stiff in less than no time."

'This intelligence was heard with great consternation. The Miss Dawsons talked of going into hysterics, Dick nearly fainted, many of the girls cried, and all the boys looked serious.

'The forest was not far from the house, but the storm still raged so violently that it was impossible for any one to go thither to cut wood. What was now to be done? After the fires had burned down, the rooms, in such severe weather, would immediately become cold; the stock of provisions had greatly diminished, and, in case the storm continued all day and night, how were they to remain in the empty house, without fuel, and with but a scanty supply of food?

'The boards left by the carpenters had all been used in making the table and benches, and these it was now judged expedient to split up with an axe, as the most feasible means of replenishing the fire. Lewis, in a few minutes, demolished the furniture that he had taken so much pains in making, reserving only two benches as seats for the females. The boys sat on the floor. The heat afforded by these boards was not great; and the girls first wrapped themselves in their cloaks, and afterwards added the coverlets and furs.

'It was determined that, as soon as the storm began to abate, they should all set out for home. But Pompey came in with another face of alarm, and proclaimed, that "the feed that was

brung for the hosses had guv out the night afore, and that thereby the creaturs would never be able for dragging the sleighs through sich roads, and that there was nothing more to be done but stay and perish." This news was heard with almost screams by the female part of the company, and several of the younger boys turned pale. The hysterics of the Miss Dawsons now came on ; but such was the general consternation, that they were little attended to, except by Aura.

' Lewis now proposed digging away the snow from the nearest fence, and procuring the rails for fuel. In this enterprise the other boys instantly volunteered to assist ; and, tying on their hats with handkerchiefs, they immediately set to work ; being much impeded, however, by the violence of the wind, which at times nearly overset them, and by the blinding snow that whirled against their faces.

' While engaged in this employment, they heard a loud halloo resounding from a distance, and were presently hailed by the voice of Frank Finlay, who came " flouncing through the drifted heaps " upon a jumper,—a rude sort of sleigh, hastily constructed for emergencies. The body of this vehicle is generally made of rough boards nailed together so as to resemble a box, planks are laid across for seats, the bottom is filled with straw, and the runners are formed of two crooked saplings, their curves turning up in front.

' Lewis flew to Frank, and shook him heartily by the hand ; as did also the other boys, as well as that privileged person, old Pompey. " Oh, Frank ! " exclaimed Lewis, " how glad I am to see you ! How could you think of turning out in such a storm ? I am sure you have brought us good news, and that all our troubles are now over."

" " I have brought a bag of corn for the horses," replied Frank, " as I supposed it to be the thing most wanted. I lay awake and thought of you all, nearly the whole of last night ; and particularly of the horses, for I never can sleep well when I know that horses or dogs are suffering. There is a man behind who will be up presently with still more corn, and I hope there will be enough to allow them all a good feed before you set off. Here, Pompey, take charge of this bag of corn, and give some to the horses immediately. But what are you all doing out here in the snow ? "

' Lewis explained, and Frank instantly set to work and helped them, refusing to go into the house till their task was accomplished. " We talked of you at our house all last evening," said he, " and I determined to start at daylight and come off to see how you were. The Wilsons had borrowed our sleigh to go to your party,

and there was not another to be had in the neighborhood, all being in requisition for the same purpose. So I set to work and made a jumper, out in the wood-house, and finished it before bed-time. As the storm did not abate, we knew the snow would be very deep before morning, and my father said he would raise the neighbors to clear the road for you to come home. But, as that is not the work of a moment, I could not wait; so at daylight I started with my jumper to come and enquire into the state of affairs. When the horses have eaten their corn, they will be able to draw the sleighs; for, as my father and the neighbors will turn out as soon as the storm allows them, it will not be long before the road is passable."

'As fast as the elder boys dug away the snow, and pulled down the fence, the younger ones carried in the rails to replenish the fires. At length the wind fell, the snow came down more slowly, the sky grew lighter, and the boys went into the house with the joyful news, that the company might now prepare for departing.

'Lewis, seizing Frank by both hands, drew him towards Aura, exclaiming, "There now,—see there!" Frank smiled and blushed, and Aura cast down her eyes and burst into tears. The Miss Dawsons whispered each other, and Dick tittered, and said, "Quite a scene!" upon which Lewis immediately knocked him down.

'Dick, however, was but slightly hurt; and seeing that no one came to his assistance (all the company having gathered round Frank Finlay,) he managed to scramble up again, and contented himself with saying, after he had regained his feet, "Upon my word, there is no knowing how to take these bush-whackers.\* But I shall prosecute,—I rather think I shall prosecute."

'The snow soon ceased; but the road immediately before the house was impassable, and it was necessary to clear it before the cavalcade could set out. Frank, having found a few more boards in a corner of the stable, proposed making of them some large wooden spades; and with these they managed to shovel away the snow with great execution.

'In the afternoon Frank's father arrived in another jumper, and reported that the neighbors had cleared all the worst parts of the road, and that they might now venture to start. These were joyful tidings.

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\* 'In the Western States, the word *bush* is often used to signify a forest; "to live in the bush," means to live in the woods. Thus new settlers are called "bush-whackers" because they whack down the trees, and the term is frequently applied to backwoodsmen in general.'



‘One of the sleighs having been overset and broken (as before related,) room was made in others for Mrs. Marshall and the Dawsons; and Aura rode home in Frank’s jumper, with him and her brother.

‘In conclusion, we have only to say, that, early in the spring, Mr. Dawson obtained an office which obliged him to remove to Washington, to the great joy of his children, and the manifest delight of Lewis Marshall. Aura, no longer under the influence of this family (whom she never liked so well after the sleighing-party), resumed her natural feelings and habits, and became once more as amiable, as before she had known the boarding-school and the Dawsons. Frank left off his purple and yellow waistcoat, lengthened his pantaloons, had his hair cut by Madame Nasillard, and, at the age of eighteen, Aura Marshall became the junior Mrs. Finlay.’

‘Sociable Visiting’ has a moral, which is, that no condition was ever inserted or implied in the social contract, ensuring a welcome to those who visit others without giving warning of their coming. It strikes us, however, that the heroine’s misfortunes arose in part, at least, from her attempting sociable visits in places where she was not on sociable terms. The act of such visiting implies considerable familiarity; and in this case the difficulty evidently was, that her hosts were embarrassed by circumstances which they were not intimate enough with her to explain. Moreover, there is in some persons what Mr. Balwhidder calls ‘a far-seeing discernment of the spirit reaching beyond the scope of the incarnate senses,’ by which a lady might discover, without direct inquiry, whether her presence would be desirable at certain places and times.

In the ‘Travelling Tinman,’ we must complain of a want of verisimilitude in the account of the pedler. We cannot persuade ourselves, that the Yankee nation universal could afford a specimen of one of those persons, who would not as soon think of stealing a young wolf, as a young negro. But we pass to ‘Mrs. Washington Potts’; which is an excellent satire on the ambition of some families, in other respects amiable and worthy, to gain the notice of those who, if their own account may be trusted, are leaders in fashionable life. All the resources and all the peace of the household are sacrificed to a single object,—and they gain the notice for which they pay so dearly, in the shape of insult and scorn. Mrs. Washington Potts,—but we will let Miss Leslie announce her.

‘Is it possible you have not heard of her?’ exclaimed Mrs. Marsden. “Indeed, I have not,” replied Cheston. “You forget that for several years I have been cruising on classic ground, and I assure you the name of Mrs. Washington Potts has not yet reached the shores of the Mediterranean.” “She is wife to a gentleman that has made a fortune in New Orleans,” pursued Mrs. Marsden. “They came last winter to live in Philadelphia, having just visited London and Paris. During the warm weather they took lodgings in this village, and we have become quite intimate. So we have concluded to give them a party previous to their return to Philadelphia, which is to take place immediately. She is a charming woman, *though she certainly makes strange mistakes in talking*. You have no idea how sociable she is, at least since she returned our call; which, to be sure, was not till the end of a week; and Albina and I had sat up in full dress to receive her for no less than five days; that is, from twelve o’clock till three. At last she came, and it would have surprised you to see how affably she behaved to us.’

“Not at all,” said Cheston, “I should not have expected that she would have treated you rudely.”

“She really,” continued Mrs. Marsden, “grew quite intimate before the visit was over, and took our hands at parting. And as she went out through the garden, she stopped to admire Albina’s moss-roses: so we could do no less than give her all that were blown. From that day, she has always sent to us when she wants flowers.”

“No doubt of it,” said Cheston.

“You cannot imagine,” pursued Mrs. Marsden, “on what a familiar footing we are. She has a high opinion of Albina’s taste, and often gets her to make up caps, and do other little things for her. When any of her children are sick, she never sends any where else for currant jelly or preserves. Albina makes gingerbread for them every Saturday. During the holidays she frequently sent her three boys to spend the day with us. There is the very place in the railing, where Randolph broke out a stick to whip Jefferson with, because Jefferson had thrown in his face a hot baked apple, which the mischievous little rogue had stolen out of Katy’s oven.”

Mrs. W. Potts, however, was not the only person who had cast a spell upon the Marsdens. The Montagues were associated with her, an English family, travelling in America, the sire of which was a being, evidently intended by nature to go on four feet, though he had disappointed his destiny by proceeding upon two: he, with his cubs and their dam, make their

appearance at the momentous party. Aunt Quimby, who is introduced by way of contrast to the fashionable part of the company, is exceedingly happy.

‘ At this juncture (to the great consternation of Mrs. Marsden and her daughter) who should make her appearance but Aunt Quimby, in the calico gown which Albina now regretted having persuaded her to keep on? The old lady was wrapped in a small shawl and two large ones, and her head was secured from cold by a black silk handkerchief tied over her cap and under her chin. She smiled and nodded all around to the company, and said,—“ How do you do, good people ; I hope you are all enjoying yourselves. I thought I *must* come down and have a peep at you. For after I had seen all the ladies take off their hoods, and had my tea, I found it pretty dull work sitting up stairs with the mantua-maker, who had no more manners than to fall asleep while I was talking.”

‘ Mrs. Marsden, much discomfited, led Aunt Quimby to a chair between two matrons, who were among “ the unavoidably invited,” and whose pretensions to refinement were not very palpable. But the old lady had no idea of remaining stationary all the evening between Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Jackson. She wisely thought “ she could see more of the party,” if she frequently changed her place ; and being of what is called a sociable disposition, she never hesitated to talk to any one that was near her, however high or however low.

“ Dear mother,” said Albina in an under-voice, “ what can be the reason that every one, in tasting the ice-cream, immediately sets it aside as if it was not fit to eat ? I am sure there is every thing in it that ought to be.”

“ And something more than ought to be,” replied Mrs. Marsden, after trying a spoonful,—“ the salt that was laid round the freezer has got into the cream, (I suppose by Dixon’s carelessness) and it is *not* fit to eat.”

“ And now,” said Albina, starting, “ I will show you a far worse mortification than the failure of the ice-cream. Only look,—there sits Aunt Quimby between Mr. Montague and Mrs. Washington Potts.”

“ How in the world did she get there ? ” exclaimed Mrs. Marsden. “ I dare say she walked up, and asked them to make room for her between them. There is nothing now to be done but to pass her off as well as we can, and to make the best of her. I will manage to get as near as possible, that I may hear what she is talking about, and take an opportunity of persuading her away.”

‘As Mrs. Marsden approached within hearing distance, Mr. Montague was leaning across Aunt Quimby, and giving Mrs. Potts an account of something that had been said or done during a splendid entertainment at Devonshire House.—“Just at that moment,” said he, “I was lounging into the room with Lady Augusta Fitzhenry on my arm (unquestionably the finest woman in England) and Mrs. Montague was a few steps in advance, leaning on my friend the Marquis of Elvington.”

“Pray, sir,” said Mrs. Quimby, “as you are from England, do you know any thing of Betsy Dempsey’s husband?”

“I have not the honor of being acquainted with that person,” replied Mr. Montague, after a withering stare.

“Well, that’s strange,” pursued Aunt Quimby, “considering that he has been living in London at least eighteen years,—or perhaps it is only seventeen. And yet I think it must be near eighteen, if not quite. May-be seventeen and a half. Well, it’s best to be on the safe side, so I’ll say seventeen. Betsy Dempsey’s mother was an old school-mate of mine. Her father kept the Black Horse tavern. She was the only acquaintance I ever had that married an Englishman. He was a grocer, and in very good business; but he never liked America, and was always finding fault with it, and so he went home, and was to send for Betsy. But he never sent for her at all; and for a very good reason; which was, that he had another wife in England, as most of them have,—no disparagement to you, Sir.”

Mrs. Marsden now came up, and informed Mrs. Potts, in a whisper, that the good old lady beside her was a distant relation or rather connexion of Mr. Marsden’s, and that, though a little primitive in appearance and manner, she had considerable property in bank-stock. To Mrs. Marsden’s proposal, that she should exchange her seat for a very pleasant one in the other room, next to her old friend Mrs. Willis, Aunt Quimby replied nothing but, “Thank you, I’m doing very well here.”

‘Mrs. and Miss Montague, apparently heeding no one else, had talked nearly the whole evening to each other, but loudly enough to be heard by all around them. The young lady, though dressed as a child, talked like a woman, and she and her mother were now engaged in an argument, whether the flirtation of the Duke of Risingham with Lady Georgiana Melbury would end seriously or not.

“To my certain knowledge,” said Miss Montague, “his Grace has never yet declared himself to Lady Georgiana, or to any one else.”

“I’ll lay you two to one,” said Mrs. Montague, “that he is married to her before we return to England.”

“No,” replied the daughter, “like all others of his sex, he delights in keeping the ladies in suspense.”

“What you say, Miss, is very true,” said Aunt Quimby, leaning in her turn across Mr. Montague, “and considering how young you are you talk very sensibly. Men certainly have a way of keeping women in suspense, and an unwillingness to answer questions even when we ask them. There’s my son-in-law, Billy Fairfowl, that I live with. He married my daughter Mary eleven years ago the 23d of last April. He’s as good a man as ever breathed, and an excellent provider too. He always goes to market himself; and sometimes I can’t help blaming him a little for his extravagance. But his greatest fault is his being so unsatisfactory. As far back as last March, as I was sitting at my knitting in the little front parlor with the door open, (for it was quite warm weather for the time of the year) Billy Fairfowl came home, carrying in his hand a good sized shad; and I called out to him to ask what he gave for it, for it was the very beginning of the shad season; but he made not a word of answer; he just passed on, and left the shad in the kitchen, and then went to his store. At dinner we had the fish, and a very nice one it was; and I asked him again how much he gave for it, but he still avoided answering, and began to talk of something else; so I thought I’d let it rest awhile. A week or two after, I again asked him: so then he actually said he had forgotten all about it. And to this day I don’t know the price of that shad.”

From what we have said, it will be seen that we think highly of Miss Leslie’s powers; an opinion declared not merely by our approbation in so many words, but in the regret which we have expressed at her choosing subjects which may be amusing, when so well described, but can have no lasting attraction. There is something unpleasant in accounts of well meaning persons imposed upon by vulgar pretension; neither does any one take pleasure in being reminded of the sorrows of country lodgings and picnic parties,—things which in remembrance are never sweet, though they may be sometimes mournful to the soul. The rigid fidelity of Crabbe would hardly be tolerated, were it not for strong virtue and strong passions, and the stern gravity with which he describes them. We shall be happy to meet Miss Leslie as a painter of scenes and subjects, which would give pleasanter impressions of American society to those who do not know our country, and bring back pleasanter recollections to those who do. Vulgarity, foolishness and affecta-

tion are the growth of every soil : human nature, there is much reason to believe, is very much the same on this as on the other side of the globe : it is not well to follow the example of the man, described by Johnson, who, after going out to enjoy the country, could remember only that the swains were coarse, and that the briers had torn his ancles,—inconveniences, which he might have foreseen without a prophet's eye.

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ART. VIII.—*Lotteries.*

*A Lecture before the Boston Young Men's Society, on the Subject of Lotteries.* By GEORGE WILLIAM GORDON. Boston. 1833.

THE young men of some of our largest cities and seaport towns have, during the past year, formed themselves into associations by the name of *Young Men's Societies*. They appear to have no sinister or doubtful objects in view, but to aim simply at mutual improvement. They are not sectarian, but include in their ranks persons of all sects and denominations, nor do they seek to secure the elevation of any one to office, because he belongs to this or to that political school. On this subject, they have acted according to their individual opinions,—and one great benefit of their association will be, to make them feel their obligation to act conscientiously in the selection of their rulers.

It cannot be supposed that, during the short period since these societies were established, they can have ascertained all the means, or even the best means, for effecting their objects. They have, however, established libraries and reading-rooms, which are opened in the evening, as an inducement to young men to turn aside from temptation and idleness, and improve their minds while they are amused and interested. They give their countenance and patronage to public houses conducted on the principle of *temperance*. They have addressed circulars to clergymen of the various denominations, asking their cooperation in this work of humanity,—and they favor lectures on this account, as well as for the reasons just assigned.